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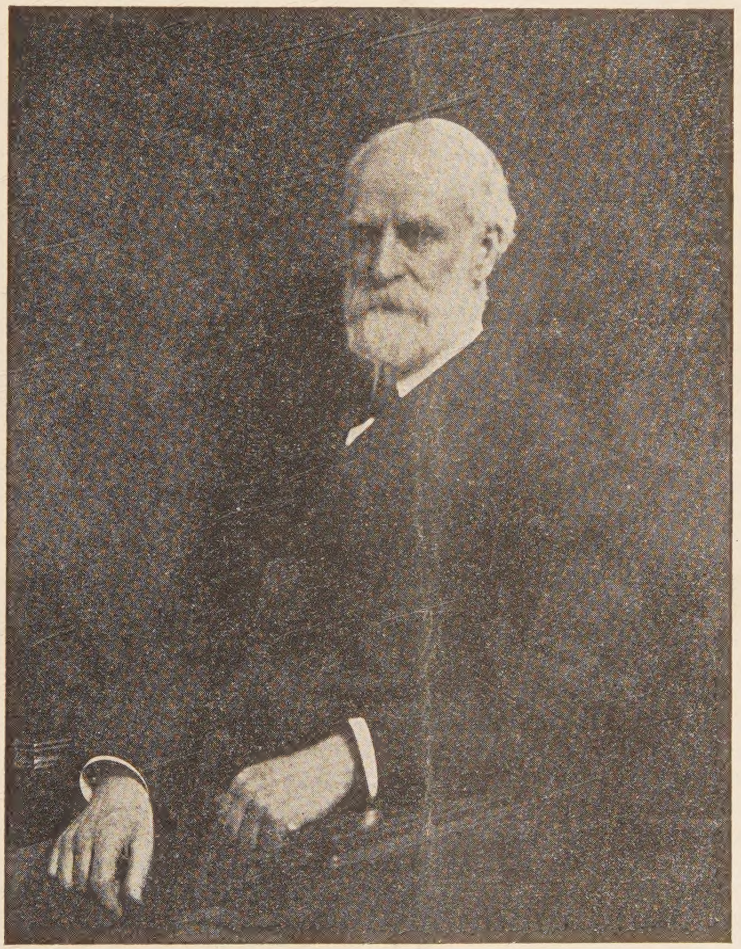

JOHN KNOX McLEAN

THE PACIFIC

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ZEAL NOT GUIDED BY JUDGMENT.

The recent court decision which sends Mr. J. C. Westenberg to a term of several weeks in the Alameda county jail will remove from the field of activity for a time a man who is a flaming example of "zeal without knowledge." As a mission worker in the most vice-cursed districts of San Francisco, Mr. Westenberg was doing good service. When he held out the helping hand to the needy and carried to them in one way and another the gospel message he was a valuable man in the work of the kingdom. When he turned "reformer" and started out thundering at everything and everybody going wrong with the intent of making them all face the right way, law or no law, he crippled himself as a worker and damaged the cause which in his heart he wished to serve.

As the outcome of a libel suit in San Francisco Mr. Westenberg has been on probation for some time, and will be for a whole year—bound as it were for that length of time to keep the peace, not letting his consuming zeal and too ready tongue offend against the laws of the state, or be remanded to jail, and so prevented the while from pursuing his work even in temperate fashion.

But in Alameda county he has not been dealt with so leniently. There, for a month, as the outcoming of the suit for libel or slander instituted by the chief of police, he will inhabit a cell in the county jail.

Such is the construction of Mr. Westenberg's mind that he will consider himself probably a regular John Bunyan. Among Bunyan's prison meditations were the following:

"I am indeed in prison now
In body; but my mind
Is free to study Christ, and how
Unto me he is kind.

"For tho' men keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars.

. . . . . .

"I here am very much refreshed
To think, when I was out,
I preached life and peace and rest
To sinners round about.

. . . . . .

"The prison very sweet to me
Hath been since I came here;
And so would also hanging be
If God would there appear."

Out of Bedford jail came "Grace Abounding" and in its inception, Pilgrim's Progress"—that masterpiece of English literature, next to the Bible long time the most popular of the world's books, translated into nearly a hundred languages and dialects.

What will come out of the Alameda county jail because of Mr. Westenberg's tarrying there, we do not know. A zealous man, he will seek of course to make his term of imprisonment serve the higher interests of his fellow-prisoners. This much we know.

But there are those among his friends who are hoping that he will emerge less of a zealot, and with more of the calm spirit of Him whose he is and whom he aims to serve.

The zeal to be commended is guided by judgment and tempered with meekness. "A zealous person without meekness is like a ship in full sail without a rudder."

IF THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND.

"I have never read Dr. —— on this subject, not because I think I should dissent from any of his arguments or conclusions, but because the whole question is settled for me by the word of God."

The foregoing are the words of a minister concerning a book written in support of one of the theological dogmas which are today held by many to be not essential articles of faith.

We are reminded of the famous John Jasper and his memorable sermon entitled, "The Sun Do Move." The Bible literally interpreted settled everything for him.

Jasper was an uneducated negro preacher who was listened to, in the years immediately following the civil war, by the white as well as the black people in large numbers. The sermon here mentioned was given not less than 250 times all over Virginia and in other parts of the South. His contention about the sun and what he said in the sermon with reference thereto was based on a literal acceptance of the Old Testament statements, and with the deepest religious sincerity and all the dogmatism of ignorance he believed and declared through all the years of his ministerial life that these scripture statements were true in every jot and tittle.

Speaking concerning the Bible Jasper would say: "Dar is milyuns of things in de Bible too deep for Jasper, and sum of 'em too deep for everybody. I doant carry de keys to de Lord's closet. . . . But 'bout de courses uv de sun, I have got dat. I hev dun ranged thru de whole blessed book an' scode down de las' thing de Bible has ter say 'bout de movements uv de sun. I got all dat pat an' safe. . . . An' ef I don' pruv' dat de sun moves den you may pos' me as er lier on ev'ry street in Richmond."

And he proved it; of course he did—the facts of the case to the contrary notwithstanding. He proved it from the Bible. The Bible says the sun stood still on Gibeon. Jasper's reasoning was in part: "Nuttin' kin stop until it hez fust started. I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. De sun wuz travelin' long dar thru de sky wen de order come."

And Jasper brought to his support in a masterly manner the incident of the turning back of the shadow on the sun dials. And then in tones of triumph: "Hesikier's case beat Joshwer. Joshwer stop de sun, but heer de Lord mek de sun walk back ten degrees; an' yet dey say dat de sun stan' stone still and neyur move er peg. It look ter me he move roun' mighty brisk an' is ready ter go ennyway dat de Lord ordurs him ter go."

And then in defiance of all objections, Jasper, up to the end of his life, as he delivered this famous sermon, was wont to say: "I wonder ef enny uv dem furloserfers is roun' here. I'd like ter take a squar' look at one uv dem an' ax him to splain dis mattur. He carn't do it, my brethr'n. He knows a heep 'bout books, maps, figgers, an' long distances; but I derfy him ter take up Hezekier's case an' splain it orf. He carn't do it. De Word uv de Lord is my defense, an' bulwark."

Whenever he gave that sermon Jasper was on the war path. His text was: "The Lord God is a man of war; the Lord is His name."

Not content with the demolishing which he gave his opponents, the astronomers, and others, by means of Joshua and Hezekiah, he would remark, "But I ain't dun wid yer yit. As de song says, dere's mo' to foller." Then the hearers were led on to "de book uv Reverlashions." Quoting John, he would proceed: "He say he saw fo' anguls standin' on de fo' corners uv de earth, holdin' fo' win's uv de earth an' so fo'th. Low me ter ax ef de earth is roun' whar do it keep its corners? Er flat square thing has corners, but tell me where is der corner uv er apple, ur a marbul, ur a cannon ball, ur a silver dollar. Ef der is enny one uv dem furloserfurs who's been takin' so many cracks at my ole haid 'bout he is korjully envited ter step for'd an' square up dis vexin' bizness. I here tell you dat yer carn't square a circul, but it looks lak dese great scholurs dun learn how ter circul the squar. Ef dey kin do it, let em step ter de front an' do de trick. But, ma brutherin, in my po' jdgment, dey karn't do it; t'aint in 'em ter do it. Dey is on der wrong side of de Bible; dat's on de outside of de Bible, and dar's where de trubbul comes in wid 'em. Dey dun got out of de bres'wuks uv de truf.'

Using John Jasper's method one can prove many things which no well-informed man believes today. The Bible says that the world and its inhabitants were created in six days. A day is a day—a period of twenty-four hours. But where can be found a Bible scholar who at the present time will say other than that this means a long period of time—and not merely twenty-four hours?

Strange ideas have been gathered as to heaven from a literal interpretation of the figurative expressions in the book of Revelation. Thus, it is a city foursquare, with great high walls of jasper and with all kinds of tangible precious stones in its foundation. Around the Great White Throne there is a rainbow; from beneath it issue thunderings and lightnings; and there are four living creatures, each with six wings, full of eyes round about and within—one with the face of a calf, one of a lion; one of a man; and one of an eagle.

There are certain principles of interpretation of Scripture which all intelligent people follow nowadays. Moreover, it is necessary to study the Bible with things outside of it in mind also. John Jasper's wanderings from reality were due to the fact that outside the Bible he knew "nothin' extry 'bout de sun," nor about any of the subjects on which he preached. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

PERSISTENCY IN USING THE UNITARIAN TAG.

The Herald and Presbyter still insists on classing the Rev. Dr. Aked as Unitarian. It says concerning the three sermons—that by Dr. Aked and those by Rabbi Meyer and the Rev. Bradford Leavitt: "They are bound in one volume, and are equally and positively Unitarian."

The Herald and Presbyter says concerning the declaration by The Pacific that Dr. Aked is "no more Unitarian than Congregationalists generally are,"—"We cannot believe it;" and adds: "If it were true, evangelical churches should at once withdraw from all federation and comity arrangements with Congregationalists."

Concerning the protest of the four San Francisco ministers our contemporary says 'Whether their protest avails or fails, they are entitled to the sympathy and backing of the whole Church, and we may add that they will get it."

We are glad that we have known for many years that the Herald and Presbyter did not in its extreme conservatism represent a not inconsiderable part of the great Presbyterian Church.

A quotation from just one letter received a day or two ago from the pastor of a Presbyterian church will be of interest here:

"I want to thank you for two recent editorials in The Pacific and especially for the one on the essential and eternal Christ, based on the words 'They have taken away the Lord.' We must get to the point where our faith in Christ hinges on what he is, not on the question of how he came to be. Our belief in his miracles rests on our faith in him, not the opposite. Such was Jesus' greatness, superlative and unique, that the majority of us have no difficulty in accepting his unique birth and physical resurrection.

"I have just had handed me a pamphlet claiming to be from an ancient manuscript of the Brotherhood, declaring that members of this Brotherhood got his body revived and piloted him to Galilee where he showed himself to the disciples, and that afterwards they spirited him away over the mountain where he died and they buried him.

"I can see why the orthodox Christians are unwilling to let go any portion of the narrative lest it be torn away piecemeal and nothing be left. We must face the result of historical criticism. I am personally sure that it will never rob the world of the Essential and Eternal Christ.

The Pacific is doing a great work in steadying men's faith in a transitional period."

Now, if we were to name this Presbyterian pastor, there would undoubtedly be a heresy hunt soon.

But we can and will name a great Congregational preacher, known and honored in all denominations all around the world. Dr. Washington Gladden, former moderator of the Congregational National Council, has given us permission to quote the following from a letter by him to Dr. Aked:

"It must be that you have come to the Kingdom for just this time!

"That is a wonderfully good sermon of yours. It is reasonable, conciliatory, constructive. It contains the substance of the Gospel. It is a fine exposition of our new creed. We can stand on a platform like that, and win. Let us go ahead and preach it, positively, affirmatively,—begging nobody's permission; proclaiming the mighty sufficiency of our Gospel; glorying in the freedom and the power with which it clothes us. Hold your course and keep your rudder true!

"I hope that the new church is going to be all that you could desire. And I hope that you will keep your health, my dear fellow, and stand there for twenty-five years in that pulpit,—until the New San Francisco has descended out of heaven from God, and the streets of the city are full of the light of the knowledge of His glory."

The sermon to which Dr. Gladden refers is the one which led the Herald and Presbyter to label Dr. Aked both as "infidel" and 'Unitarian."

We do not believe that the Herald and Presbyter can rally the Presbyterian Church to any crusade against Congregationalism. We do not believe it will wish to do this on sober second thought. But if it does attempt it, whatever its success, it is evident that Congregationalists are prepared to meet it.

Our contemporary calls our attention to the fact that the General Assembly, in passing on the action of the New York Presbytery in ordaining men who questioned the virgin birth and other doctrines, declared that the doctrines in question were essential and necessary articles of the Presbyterian faith, and that no candidate denying them should be licensed or ordained.

This of course would incline Presbyterian ministers to be rather reticent on these subjects, even though believing to the contrary.

Accordingly those Presbyterian elders who would like to see their pastor a little more courageous just now may have to be content with his holding back, despite his convictions.

Just as we finish the foregoing, information comes from a leading elder in the San Francisco presbytery to the effect that there is very little sympathy in the presbytery with the four men who made the protest a few weeks ago, and very little agreement with the Herald and Presbyter in its characterizations.

Again, our word to the Herald and Presbyter is that it is in error in its characterization of Congregationalists—one and all. These modern views have their place; they are winning their way. Go on, if you will, in the old interpretations, but for the sake of the common cause, dear to us as well as to you, cease the attempt to read out of the Christian ranks these men who are proclaiming a sovereign and ever-living Christ.

Even John Jasper didn't think that he carried the keys to the Lord's closet. Nor should any one so think.

Thursday evening of next week a meeting will be held in Scottish Rite Auditorium, San Francisco, at which time there will be addresses on Modern Belief. President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will speak on "The Changed View of God." Dr. Brooks of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, on "The Changed View of the Bible." The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, on "Christ from the Modern Point of View." The meeting will begin at eight o'clock. The auditorium is on the corner of Van Ness and Sutter.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A service in memory of the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean was held in the First Congregational Church of Oakland on Sunday, March 1st.

The invocation was by Rev. Dr. Walter Frear; the scripture by the Rev. Ray F. Carter; the prayer by the Rev. A. W. Palmer; the benediction, by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond. Addresses were given by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary and the Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille, who is now pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Berkeley, but who was a pastor in Oakland for several years while Dr. McLean was there.

Those addresses are printed in The Pacific this week.

There was a large attendance at the memorial service, from Oakland and the bay cities.

There was on the pulpit platform a beautiful oil painting which pictured Dr. McLean in so life-like and natural a manner that he seemed to be sitting there as of old.

JOHN KNOX McLEAN

A Survey of his Life by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary.

(Given at the memorial service in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, Sunday, March the first).

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair."

Our remembrance today is a harmony of major chords. Here is "nothing but well and fair." Here is so much of "well and fair" that we may speak without reserve. Dr. McLean lived the full Scriptural span of life—in one more month he would have been eighty years of age. It is good to move, not timidly nor narrowly, yet safely in and out among the throngs of men for four score years, to have vital force enough to last, to have interests everlastingly worth while, to have a hand in shaping main issues of Christian civilization, to be honored for signal contributions to the recovery and uplift of mankind, to be cherished in the love and borne upon the prayers of thousands of grateful souls, to be revered and followed as a shining example of moral worth and of highest destiny. All this and more was the large endowment and favored lot of him of whom this hour we speak and sing and pray.

Honor and honors were bestowed upon him along the way. His home city counted him its most useful and distinguished citizen. His adopted state sought his guidance in organizing its care of the dependent and delinquent. Churches turned to him for deliverance and development. Of his own denomination he stood among the foremost national and international leaders. Of the first International Congregational Council, held in London in 1891, he was a member of the Executive Committee; of the second, held in Boston in 1899, he was one of the moderators. In the affairs of our National Council and our National Societies, he was prominent for many years as corporate member, official, counselor, preacher. In 1876 Knox College conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1913 he stood with four other distinguished citizens of the state to receive from the University of California its highest honorary degree, Doctor of Laws. The thousands who have admired and loved him may well content their hearts with the appreciation accorded him in a world where desert gets uncertain returns.

That Dr. McLean accumulated wide and splendid influence is sufficiently indicated by the recognition thus recounted. Such honor is granted only to power beneficiently and acceptably employed. Here was a man of effective and far-reaching power, feared by the forces of iniquity, counted on as a mighty man of valor by the forces of righteousness and God. Though we should wish to rehearse his service to the world, we must abstain from details. We have in mind the choice Christian quality of that service and the extraordinary sum of it.

Think of him as leader and administrator. This part of his life-work grew very large and held his continual interest. He wrote once: "I had ten times ten rather be the builder of a vital, worthful, permanent structure which has promise of life, than to merely conduct the biggest finished thing which the skill of man can construct." There spoke the pioneer and builder. He was clearly predestined to this unformed western coast. He was himself of statesman size. In the United States Senate he would not have "done politics," he would have helped construct the foremost nation of the world on universal lines of destiny. In commercial life he would have been a master of big business, for he saw around the world. When, upon his graduation from college, he chose religion and the Church, he selected unerringly the field of longest vision, of highest ideals, of heaviest demands, of richest opportunity of noblest worth of utmost personal development, of completest self-giving and most essential service to mankind. He had rare creative power, vision to discern the new th ng and wisdom to initiate it. He was thorough in planning for success, and resourceful in method. He cheered and inspired his fellow workers. An enterprise once started he guided clear through to assured prosperity. He did not shrink from responsibility, but was ready to answer for whatever he accepted as a duty.

Of his constructive ability this First Congregational Church of Oakland is the foremost monument. That Dr. McLean was the builder, both of this meeting-house and of the spiritual church within it, all voices testify. He left it composed of "a noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid." He left it well ordered, trained and effective. Its leaders and reliable forces today are, in good numbers, Dr. McLean's spiritual product, further cultured and matured and practiced under Dr. Brown's noble ministry. And every other Congregational church in Oakland, besides many elsewhere, felt the creative and fashioning hand of this church and its pastor.

He was also a master-builder, to what extent cannot yet be told, of Pacific Theological Seminary, of whose present usefulness and future large proportions he was profoundly confident. From his arrival in Oakland he was a trustee, for many years chairman of the Board, and for eighteen years the active president of the institution. He added largely to its endowed funds, he called splendid men to its faculty, he gave it new standing in many quarters, he improved its standards, he transplanted it into the richer educational soil of the university city, he kept its ideals high and its faith strong, he broadened its public service. He will stand forth in seminary history beside Dr. Benton, Dr. Mooar, and Dr. Dwinell, the four pioneers who laid broad foundations and raised the early walls of an institution destined for great service to the Kingdom of Christ.

Dr. McLean's creative mind and executive hand were also seen in Mills College and Pomona College, in the Associated Charities of Oakland, in the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and in other forms and agencies of public service. More of them, in fuller chronicle, may be written into his biography.

On this creative and executive side was most obvious the large plan on which his manhood was constructed. He was a man of size and weight. He carried atmosphere. He radiated force. His sphere of influence, within which men felt him, was extensive. The modern word is **personality;** his was generously endowed of God and nobly realized in experience. We bear tribute now to his stature and proportions, which gave him forward place and moulding power in the greater affairs of his day.

It is grateful to turn to his more personal ministries, and mention first his ministry of the truth. It cannot be said that Dr. McLean was a scholar, although he used books constantly and appropriated their messages. He was a trained observer. He was a hunter of knowledge and wisdom, and a well-nigh unerring shot on the wing. And he was that higher character,—a seer and prophet of truth. He "saw into the life of things," and he testified what he saw. His was a very rare gift of discerning truth under its myriad forms of beauty and strength, and his an equally rare faculty of interpreting it to eyes less penetrating and hearts less in tune. What a child at home in the natural world he was, peering into every open window of earth and sky, through flower and tree, through bird and beast, through cloud and sunshine, and seeing heaven just within. His kinship of nature was one of his primary qualities, one of his most childlike traits. In the mountains, in the forests, by the streams, he was in his Father's house; he owned the beauteous scenes; he caught the still small voices; he knew the presence—"whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man;" he felt "the joy of elevated thoughts;" he revelled in those renewals; he returned refreshed, and told us how he had seen God's garment and had caught the pulse-beat of the Father's heart. And in life's turmoil we were rectified and comforted, since God still lived and spoke to his listening children.

We have no figures to compute, no rhetoric wherewith to indicate the wealth of this man's ministry as interpreter of truth. His sermons from this pulpit, his less formal talks, his conversations—his prophetic words of all sorts have opened the gates of paradise to your feet, **you** who are here today in grateful love and a myriad more who could not come.

He preached to little children and they caught the divine word. He spoke to stricken hearts and did not leave them comfortless. He gave a cheery word, a touching prayer to the heavy laden, and they trudged another mile rested and trusting. He called out to the strong men battling for success, and they grew steady and jealous of rectitude and honor and charity. He laid a hand on boys and young men, and when they saw the light of heaven in his eyes they followed the gleam.

Thus have I slipped imperceptibly over into his great work of friendship and shepherding. It could hardly be helped. The ministry of truth and the ministry of love ran together throughout this consecrated life. Can you surely tell which one was superior and more fruitful? You flocked to his pulpit on the Sabbath and found, "a garland for ashes,

the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

On Monday you carried a perplexed mind or a downcast heart through that open door above stairs and there you learned that no man is useless so long as he has a friend, and your heart grew brave again under his tender shepherding. The story of that open door, free access into unreserved pastoral service, through which the world learned the way, can never be told. The pastor of this church became the shepherd of the city, the adviser and deliverer of its people, both resident and transient. And his line is gone out through all the earth and his helpful words to the end of the world. When his formal pastorate of this church closed, the Oakland Enquirer offered the following tribute:

"The Enquirer comes not bury Caesar, but to praise him—a little. In the nearly quarter of a century during which he has been the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Dr. McLean has exerted a greater aggregate influence for the betterment of this community than any other man it has contained. No one else has labored so long, so constantly, so judiciously and so powerfully for the uplifting of the things which are good and for the condemnation of the wrong. Many strong men—some politicians, who thought they held the key to the welfare of the community, others, able lawyers, who have made and unmade great causes, some brilliant scholars, who addressed themselves to the most intellectual classes in our midst, along with numerous others, each wielding power in their own way,—have come and gone, but the quiet persistent influence of one church, in the end, outweighs them all. Many other things have made more noise each in its day, but that day was usually short and when it ended Dr. McLean and his church were still there, standing as ever for those things which are of good report."

It is heartening to think, however imperfectly, of the great sum of service which this Christian servant accumulated through fifty active years. At its best and longest a human life is no slight and ineffective thing. We may well aspire to it and be thankful for every instance of it. Human need is so wide and deep, and most of us touch it so blunderingly and briefly, that it is good to see a man toil so long, so unsparingly, so helpfully in the harvest field and bring home so many sheaves with him. How many, God knows. So many that we wonder, we believe in a man's worth to men, we thank God and take courage.

We must try to give some personal estimate of this man whose life-work we thus indicate. There is room in so capacious a nature for large variety of judgment. We need not be unanimous save in certain main terms. I am sure we shall agree that here were rectitude and integrity of exalted order. Fifty years he stood in the public eye, active in all sorts of human interests, where feeling runs high and passions clash, in and out for fifty years among the intimacies of men and women and children, of birth and death, of joy and sorrow, of love and hate, of vice and crime, of success and failure, himself above suspicion, honored and trusted, from first to last. In these wild days, if that were all, it were enough to say. Such moral steadfastness does not happen; it is won and held and made secure at a price of vigilance and divine grace. On such foundation can be reared a noble structure by a heart like this one, "at leisure from itself." Here was manifold variety of tender and sturdy qualities. Here were many virtues and faculties in unusual poise. Dr. McLean developed a well-nigh full-orbed character, a result not so common as to be commonplace. It was this that made his ministry so many-sided. The unpoised man, strong here, weak there, cannot be all the world's helper.

Among his memorable qualities is one which may be called docility. He never thought he had learned final truth years ago. He remained eager for the next lesson, watching for the new light sure to break forth, absorbing it like a child. Thus was he ever young in mind as well as heart, hospitable to new truth, in sympathy with the new prophet, always abreast of the times, four-score years young at last, as he loved to put it.

What a genius he had for friendship and love and fellowship with his kind! Therefore he was such a pastor; therefore blithe and rare spirits drew to him. He, surely, "dwelt in a house by the side of the road" and was "a friend to man." Pastoral service in these new days is the infinite ministry of friendship. Few pastors can bear the strain or have the heart to make it great. He began it a half century ago and signalized it. There are thousands, not hundreds, who would bring their tribute in one deep phrase,—

"he was my friend."

The Christian graces and virtues bloomed into beauty and fruitage in him. He believed in God and also in Christ. Hope was an anchor holding within the vail. The greatest of all was love, and he knew the love of God "that passeth knowledge." His Christian experience became the most real and certain part of his life. His desires and hopes and purpose, his impulses and motives, his nourishing truth—all were frankly Christian. What he was at length, that he became in the companionship of Christ. He took on that quality and stature into which the living God, our Father, can mold a willing and following child. In him we see what a Christian man may come to, a not too uncommon man, such as must be our despair, but one near enough to nerve us for conflict and assure us of victory.

For here at length was victory, with peace serene and golden. Vital issues may be settled this side of death. The field need not be fought uncertainly till the eyes close. This man's character became settled, his destiny determined. He may have modestly doubted or wondered, but his friends did not. And it is good to look upon a man and be sure that the victory of holy character has been won and that his way now runs

"Through love to light! Through light
O God, to Thee
Who art the Love of Love, the Eternal
Light of light."

And then shadows crept in and twilight fell. And why? we asked. For "so"—sometimes—"He giveth His beloved sleep." And he was as one who "wanders down the dim-lit forest aisles with brooding eyes and reverent, slow feet." We could not quite attend him in the gathering shadows, not knowing all he saw. It was mainly a happy time, the happiest of his life, he told me. He heard the hermit thrush in his boyhood's woods and trod his father's farm, and looked and listened for what might follow. One day—it might be a year or two ago—he heard me repeat a rarely beautiful stanza, and asked me for a copy. I wonder if he

kept it by him, as he certainly recognized himself in its mirror. This is the picture and the prayer:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

So was his passing.
His task accomplished and the long day done;
His wages taken, and in his heart
Some late lark singing. —
So was he gathered to the quiet west.

And then, one recent day, the great awakening! The spirit restored and vital, the abundant entrance, the welcoming words, "Well done!" So runs our faith. Then light and love and joy supernal! "What knitting severed friendships up!" What meed of perfect praise for full salvation! What fulness of life in the presence of his God and Savior! What grander service for one so trained on earth "as to be ready for any service in any world!"

And we are comforted of him as we thank God for his life on earth.

"So to live is heaven,
To make undying music in the world."

JOHN KNOX McLEAN

A Memorial Address by the Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille.

(Given in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, Sunday, March the first).

The fitting symbol of most earthly lives when they are ended, is a broken column; but it is not a broken shaft that would most fittingly mark the last resting place of John Knox McLean; but a shaft of wide and deep base, large and high, with cap and crown of finest chiseling, would best typify the life structure upon which the angels have laid the capstone with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

I loved Dr. McLean. I was his friend and he was mine for nearly forty years, and I ever found him a gentleman without affectation, a citizen who honored the place of his birth, his adopted city and state, and his country; a husband and father to love, imitate, and revere; a minister whose life was such as to cause the Christian religion to be quoted higher in the whole community because he was its chief exponent and example; a churchman without bigotry, and a Christian who lived in the secret place of the Most High and dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty."

My first acquaintance with our friend was in 1873, when he had just come to the pastorate of this great Church which is his living monument, and I was about to enter upon the second pastorate of my ministry; and for nearly forty years our friendship was unbroken.

I can remember as though it were yesterday a sermon I heard him preach in the old First Church, on Tenth and Washington streets on Heb. XII:1-2. I could repeat the divisions and illustrations of that sermon today, so deep was the impression it made upon me.

When I heard of his translation—that he had gone from the dear circle here to the larger circle of friends, yonder, I thought of those lines on the death of another scholar:

"Dead he lies among his books;
The peace of God is in his looks.
Ah, his hand will never more
Turn the storied pages o'er.

"Let his lifeless body rest;
He is gone who was its guest;
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

"Traveler in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet tonight?"

We speak of our friend as dead. I think we shall one day revise our terminology when we speak of "the saints who from their labors rest." Our friend is not dead in any sense except as to the house in which he wrought out his noble career.

He lives in the life of this Church into which he built the best years of his own great life; he lives in yonder school of the prophets whose sons cried as he passed from their sight, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He lives in the history and enduring memory of a great Church of Jesus Christ which hailed and honored him as a prince in Israel; he lives in the life of this city which he passionately loved, and of which he was the most useful citizen; in the life of this State which will miss his wise counsels his sympathetic aid, his administrative ability, in its great public philanthropies. Yes, he lives in the immortal spiritual influences that emanated from his life; and though the wise head, the heart of gold, has gone from us he lives at the right hand of God.

Dr. McLean was one of the broadest and most catholic of men. He loved his own church but he loved the Kingdom more; and to it he gave the full measure of his devotion. He had a vision of the time predicted by Dean Stanley:

"When diverging creeds shall learn
To their central source to turn.
When contending creeds shall tire
Of the earthquake and the fire.

'Then shall strife and clamor cease
At the still small voice of peace.
May they all united be
In the Father and in Me."

He has long been the recognized leader in California of every movement that looked to interdenominational amity and comity—the great movement which has eventuated in the organization of the Federated Council of Churches of Jesus Christ in America, and the other measures looking toward the organic union of kindred religious bodies, found in him a wise counsellor and a steadfast champion.

It is because of his broad catholicity, his deeply fraternal spirit, and the high honor in which he is held among Christians of every name, that it seemed fitting to those who arranged this memorial service that other faiths than his own should be represented here, and it falls to my lot to voice in a humble way the obligation our common cause owes to his unwearied activities in the interest of true Christian fraternity and unity. I have heard him say that the money wasted for lack of common sense Christian comity would have put

a church on every hill in God's foostool and a Bible in every human hand.

His largeness of outlook was shown also in his public spirit and in his work as a citizen and patriot. His love for California and for these clustered cities about the Bay, and especially fair Oakland, was the passion of his soul. He cherished a loyal pride in his birthplace; but destiny determined that the best of his life, his splendid manhood and his ripe age should be given to his adopted home.

He took such a practical interest in the development and welfare of this city, material, intellectual, and spiritual, that he made all its citizens his lifelong friends.

All Oakland honors this man who conferred honor upon it by being its first citizen. What movement for civic reform or betterment, what enterprise for the common good ever lacked his wise counsel and earnest support?

But what impressed me most in Dr. McLean, was the poise and balance of his powers, the beautiful adjustment of mental and moral qualities, the cool calm judgment, the judicial temper, and at the same time, the warm sympathy and brotherliness of the man.

He was always conservative rather than radical, a man who acted on sober second thought rather than upon impulse; a man who held a steady hand upon the helm of responsibilities, when the storm was abroad and men's hearts were failing them for fear. Then we all knew that there was a man on the quarter-deck, who would steer his course, not by the false lights of expediency, but by the eternal stars of righteousness.

And it was this judicial temper of his, this clearness of vision and especially his quick sympathy, that made him the chosen guide, philosopher, and friend of young men; of the young men of his congregation; of the students of the Oakland High School, of the University of California, and especially of the Pacific Theological Seminary.

As a young minister and a near neighbor I used to go to him as to an elder brother and open my heart to him, and I owe more to him than to any other man for high ideals and for inspiration in the work of the Christian ministry.

Why did we go to him for counsel? Because we instinctively felt that this Greatheart's eye was single and therefore his whole soul was full of light.

And then he loved young men; and he was a great lover!

How many young men in California, and all over this land rise up to call his memory blessed today! And now that "the good gray head that all men knew" lies low we pray that the mantle of our Elijah may fall upon the Elishas who were his sons in the Gospel!

I have spoken of his gentleness, his humanness; but I cannot leave out one salient characteristic—his dauntless courage. There was a great deal of the Scotch and Puritan granite in his nature; the rock was overlaid and sometimes hidden by the flowers of a generous charity and a gracious urbanity and courtesy, but the rock was there: Gentle as a woman, he was as brave as a lion when the right needed defense or wickedness merited rebuke. He was as gallant a knight of Christian chivalry as ever laid lance in rest. He could no more have lived in a truckling, time serving atmosphere, that he could have breathed in a vacuum. The distance between such a man and a self-seeking ministry is hemispherical.

John Knox McLean like his great name-sake, would not have flattered Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.

If our friend could come back this day from that undiscovered country and speak to us in the flesh once more, he would give no different message, I am sure, than he always gave by his lips and by his life; he would only tell us with a new impressiveness and solemnity because of what has been unveiled to his vision, to keep the faith, to do right though the heavens fall, to give duty the casting vote. Oh, if he came back to this sanctuary which still echoes with the sound of his voice, he could bring no diviner message than he left with us: namely that beside the service of God through the service of humanity, all earthly success, the pride of place, the boast of power, are of as little worth as the foam upon the waters.

When such a radiant spirit passes into the Unseen Holy faith pushes back the crowding frontiers of death.

"Peace! peace! He is not dead: he doth not sleep.
He hath awakened from the dream of life,
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy vision, keep
With phantoms our unprofitable strife."

A STUDENT'S IMPRESSIONS OF DR. McLEAN.

Across the table sat Goodwin, twiddling his thumbs, and fidgeting as he and I waited our turns to see the Faculty and the President. That very day we had finished our long journey across the continent. He had gone one way and I another, but both met in the Seminary building in Berkeley. A year before we had met for the first time under the elms in Andover; he coming from Dartmouth and I from Pomona. A happy year we had spent there together. And then came the news of the Babylonish Captivity, and after talking to Prof. Nash at the Centennial Celebration, as he was on his way abroad on furlough, we had at last decided to migrate, hoping that in "Pacific" we might find a home to take the place of the one on the Hill which was being abandoned forever.

And so now we sat in silence, waiting the summons to see what our welcome would be. Goodwin's turn came first. What happened to him I do not know. And then the secretary came for me.

It was a kind face which headed the table. It was serene, and placid, and fatherly. While my letters were being looked over, I studied the men whom I was to know so much better later on: Buckham, quiet, scholarly, and wholesome; Tolson, whom even then I felt to be already my friend, and who manifested even while we sat there the grace of kindly interest; Bade, the embodiment of intellectual keenness; Castor, who has now gone from us, the prince of good fellows, whom God meant to be a teacher of young men. But after all, the one face which dominated the group, and the one to whom I instinctively turned again and again, was President McLean. And when at last he turned and spoke to me seeing that I was somewhat ill at ease, it was not anything formal that he said, but the kindly thrust which made me at home and in the twinkling of an eye made me a loyal son of the Seminary, "Rascal, why didn't you come to us a year ago; but we've got you now."

And in the two years that followed, as I went in and out of the Seminary, and as I came to know Dr. McLean better, I found that if there was any one grace in particular which was his, it was this ability to put one at his ease, and to

make him feel at home. He did not impress me as particularly an executive, although he had his abilities along those lines. He was not primarily a scholar. He was not in any sense an orator. But he was one who made life easy for those who needed help. He was better than an orator, or a scholar, or a bare administrator; he set before the student the ideal of what, after all, his work should make of him, and so helped many a young man to strive after the real ministry to hungry souls, instead of losing his way and becoming self-centered in his academic interests. Especially was this characteristic prominent when he led chapel. And in his course in Practical Theology the same thing appeared, as well as his saving common sense.

It hardly seems possible that he has gone. Now that Dr. Castor and he have both finished their work, even though other hands just as capable have taken up what they have laid down, yet we of a few years ago must of necessity feel a deep of sense of loneliness as we drop into the Seminary. And twenty years from now when the school is on the footing which is increasingly becoming its possession, along with those of Mooar and Benton and Dwinell, the name of Dr. McLean will be honored as one of the four founders, who in the affections of hundreds of churches and ministers have a place which none of those who come later can hope to attain.

H. V. H.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY PAGEANT.

Before a crowded auditorium at Pilgrim Congregational Church, Seattle, there was recently enacted a panoramic presentation of life in our leading missionary fields. The five acts on the program were devoted to realistic reproductions of scenes and customs in China, India, Africa, Japan and Turkey respectively. Each part was conducted by a herald or leader dressed in the appropriate national costume and who was especially qualified by personal experience or by study to state concisely our missionary progress in the country pictured on the stage and to comment upon and explain the incidents in the daily lives of the natives as they were enacted. The attention to detail given the costumes of the actors as well as the stage settings resulted in such convincing effects that the audience was transported bodily into the atmospheres of the countries portrayed. Incidents from the daily experiences of our foreign friends, both in their homes and on their streets, were presented to show with telling succinctness the differences, physical, mental and moral, in the lives of those who have not yet been reached by Christianity as contrasted with those who have become followers of Christ through missionary instruction.

The presentation of a Missionary Pageant was undertaken by the Woman's Missionary Society of the church, and a committee was chosen to develop plans. One of the large difficulties which faced this committee was that of securing a program. After much inquiry and correspondence it was found that no program was obtainable which could be used where only about one hundred young people were available for the cast and when it was requisite to make a creditable showing at slight expense. The committee thereupon set about arranging and developing its own program. The result was such an unqualified success that it is hoped that a record of its principal features may be useful to others similarly conditioned.

When the committee had decided upon the five fields to be portrayed a sub-committee was placed in charge of the plans for each part of the production. A returned missionary furnished a valuable collection of songs characteristic of each nation, and this musical feature proved to be an important asset. Music typical to each country was illustrated by a song by each band of actors, and the weird Chinese tones, the melancholy plaint of India, the lusty voices of the Africans and the spirited chant of the patriotic Japanese accomplished more than could any amount of verbal description in presenting forcefully the varied national dispositions.

Before each act the herald appeared before the curtain and gave a five-minute talk on the American Board work in the field about to be portrayed. Then the curtain was raised and eight or ten scenes were enacted in pantomime illustrating the manners and customs of that country, while the herald added such explanatory remarks as seemed desirable. It is essential that the missionary talks be concise and direct and limited strictly to five minutes each. And it would probably be fully as effective if the missionary facts (with the exception of the last act) were presented immediately following the scenes from the countries represented instead of preceding them. The changes of scenery should be simple enough to insure their completion during the five-minute talks before the curtain.

Following is a general outline of the scenes enacted in each part of the program:

China. The curtain rose upon a group of a dozen children eating rice with chop-sticks. Then appeared a prisoner, a night watchman; a woman washing, another sewing and a third polishing brass. The group thus gathered on the stage sang the Chinese National Hymn. A vegetable seller then appeared, followed by a blind beggar. A boy went through the form of worshipping at an ancestral tablet and with a missionary hymn the curtain fell.

India. This scene was the most elaborate of the evening, and represented three booths in a market place. One was filled with cakes and curry, another with brass articles, and a third a textile booth with pieces of gay silk and other fabrics. Three "natives" were squatting on the stage, a barber ready to put caste marks on the foreheads of returning worshippers, a snake-charmer and a beggar. A booth-tender came in and after having a cast mark put on by the barber, began arranging and selling his wares to the different natives who followed one another on to the stage; a policeman, a princess, a child-widow, little children, a woman carrying her baby, another leading her sick friend to the sacred river, three pilgrams, a man and a woman measuring their lengths on the ground and a boy rolling, while in the background stalked the ever-present Englishman in linen clothes and cork helmet. A native song was sung during this scene.

Africa. When the curtain was drawn a group of fourteen representing natives of that country were upon the platform singing a melody, "I'm troubled, I'm troubled," after which the witch doctor began searching out his victim. A native woman with a baby strapped on her back and carrying a hoe appeared. An engaged girl sang an African love-song and a family of children gathered around a common dish and ate from their hands. Two boys displayed the ear-plug and the native club, and two others as

carriers swinging a hammock in which was a white child showed how missionaries' children often are taken on journeys. A native game of hand-ball was played by the younger children, and all gathered once more on the platform and sang a final hymn.

Japan. Two beautiful Japanese screens formed the background for this section of the pageant, the most artistic of any. The Japanese National Hymn was first sung. This was followed by different scenes—school-boys hurrying from school and then flying kites, a farmer ladened with fruits, a woodgatherer, a woman cutting vegetables, a girl riding in a basket carried between two men, showing the method of mountain travel, two young girls meeting and bowing, a tea-drinking scene and a song by a mother as she walked slowly back and forth with her baby on her back.

Turkey. A Syrian woman living in the city who was educated in a Mission school in Syria loaned a number of costumes and gave the herald's talk for Turkey. Some twenty boys, girls, men and women, dressed in Turkish costumes stood on the platform while the speaker explained the reasons for the differences in dress and manners of each, and told of the need for missions in that land—a most impressive address and a very fitting close to the program.

To the audience this Missionary Pageant was in effect a real contact with the hearts and hopes and needs of our distant brethren. It translated into actuality the missionary requirements which when presented by narrative alone all too often "go in one ear and out of the other" of the average hearer. It made the vital contact with the heart which is so necessary for the attainment of practical results. And the wise committee in charge saw to it that as large a number as possible of the children and young people were included among the actors. The weeks of preparation and rehearsal will inevitably leave such indelible memories in the minds of many of these impressionable young people that they will never hear mention of foreign missions without feeling a bond of personal interest for their success. The Missionary Pageant may well be made a much more general vehicle for "driving home" the facts and needs of our missionary world. H. E. B.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

434 West 120th St., Mar. 4, 1914.

To Pacific Coast Friends:

When I was so happy as to have an interview with the brave Helen Keller and her faithful teacher, Mrs. Macy, last year, I urged them by all means to make a tour of western colleges and schools. It is with great pleasure now that I read of their engagement at San Jose, California, for March 23. Have not even heard if they have been at Oberlin, though President King assures me Oberlin has spoken for them.

I would trudge a long way in such deep snow as fills New York streets if that tramp would bring me into any live western city where loving Christians and thoughtful educators were being interested and moved by these wonderful women. Teachers and preachers will long quote them and their pupils who see what courage and devotion have wrought for students of great will and strong devotion. Do not expect a blind girl to be a finished orator. Do not expect too much. When you have heard Mrs. Macy's story you will thrill with the meaning of Helen Keller's victory. I do not know the cost of the entertainments but feel sure they will be well worth a fair price.

I shall be sorry if I get no cards of appreciation for this letter. I am very sure no one will complain. I will write my friend the Postmaster at San Jose to forward letters you send to Mrs. Macy and Miss Keller and hope that both north and south of Santa Clara's fair valley these heroines of cuture and of faith may be widely seen and heard. You will never pity Miss Keller as a poor glind girl. She has become a queen in her conquest. I congratulate every college, school, Y. M. C. A. and woman's club which can make an engagement with this rare combination.

Faithfully,
EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

A PRAYER.

(Given by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, February 28, 1914.)

Our God and Father! Assembled today on this occasion most significant for years to come, we look backward through the shining history of this church and thank Thee for Thy providence which has made its way great in devotion to Thee and service to men. We praise Thee for the Christian men and women who have composed the membership of this church, who have done its work and borne its burdens. We thank Thee for their faith which did not falter and break, for their liberal gifts of toil and money to keep Thy work strong, for their unmeasured ministry of sympathy and courage, for the splendid men who as faithful pastors have led this church to make its influence beautiful and fruitful. We thank Thee for the many churches which have come into being and grown into ministering strength through the help of this nourishing mother church. In this constructive hour we remember with especial tenderness and gratitude the heroism of the brave pastor and people who in the desolation of "the great disaster" rebuilt this house of prayer.

And now we bless Thee that Thy children, constituting the present force of this church, have once more a mind to give generously and build. Rejoicing in the necessary funds and the richer treasures of love and devotion, we lay this corner-stone in prayer for Thy abiding favor and blessing to rest upon the building which is rising above it. Accept the offering of this hour. Prosper the construction to the very end. Cheer the hearts of Thy people all along the way. Bless beyond measure Thy servant, the pastor. May his bow abide in strength, his message ring clear and true, his personal ministry bear love and cheer to all who need him, his leadership conduct this church forward into yet more notable service to this city and the world. Gather Thy people into this completed temple, to dedicate it to Thy glory and the good of men, to worship Thee in the beauty of holiness, and to pour out upon mankind the light of the knowledge of the glory of God which shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

In His great name we lift our praise and prayer.

Amen.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND CALLS DR. VAN HORN.

Last Sunday the First Congregational Church of Oakland gave a unanimous call to the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Van Horn, pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle. On the first ballot there were 453 votes in favor of such a call, three against it, and three for Mr. Carter who has been acting pastor for several months, but whose name had not been placed before the congregation. The vote was made unanimous.

The Oakland Church is to be congratulated. Dr. Van Horn has been on the Pacific Coast for eight years, and has commended himself in every way. Many of the ministers hereabouts who have known him for several years are delighted in that this call has been extended. They know that Dr. Van Horn will be not only a valuable leader in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, but of great help in the fellowship of the churches in California.

The committee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland to which was entrusted the recommendation of a man for the pastorate has done its work well. The remarkably fine report made by it to the Church last Sunday is given herewith. It is not surprising that it brought on the first ballot an almost unanimous vote. The report was in the main as follows:

"In view of the recent visit of Dr. Van Horn, the purpose of this meeting is doubtless understood in advance by the majority of those present. And yet that visit was not 'candidating' in the usual sense. Your pastoral committee had for the most part already made up its mind on the basis of a careful investigation of Dr. Van Horn's record and reputation and had frankly told him so in correspondence. He was invited to come, partly for the sake of personal conference and first hand observation on our part, but even more, perhaps, for the sake of giving him an opportunity to become acquainted, so far as he could in so short a time, with the spirit of the church, its present condition and its outlook for the future.

"Dr. Van Horn was mentioned to your committee very early in its history, and soon after the National Council several such suggestions came simultaneously from various quarters, Mr. Brown's being especially strong. Your committee preferred, however, to take a wide survey of the field before committing itself. It desired first of all to ascertain what men, either of our own denomination or others, were desirable and available and then to make comparisons with a view to selecting the available man best suited to our needs. Some months of correspondence and personal reconnaisance were necessary to this end.

"As a result of it all, by a process of elimination and selection, your committee finally became convinced that the right man had been found in Dr. Van Horn. He is now, at 48, at the prime of life, his great natural gifts developed by the training and ripened by the experience of a ministry of 19 years.

"He is a graduate of Oberlin College in the class of 1890, of Oberlin Seminary in 1893 and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1902. He has had four pastorates: At Beverly, Mass.; Des Moines, Iowa; Worcester, Mass., and Seattle, where he now is. We have carefully looked up his record in each place as shown in the Congregational Year Book and has also sought the judgment of his former parishioners and others as to the quality and characteristics of his work.

"We note in the first place a certain cumulative quality in the effectiveness of his evangelistic message. He received into the church at Beverly 105, more than two-thirds by confession; at Des Moines, 204; at Worcester, 342, and at Seattle (during less than seven years, the statistics for 1913 not being available,, 856, a total of 1507, of whom nearly 700 came on confession. Or, to state it a little differently, the average annual increase based on average membership was: At Beverly, 6 per cent; at Des Moines, 9½ per cent; at Worcester, 7 per cent; at Seattle, 10½ per cent.

"Next we note a progressive increase in Sunday school enrollment. The averages were: At Beverly, 10 per year; Des Moines, 40 per year; at Seattle (for six years), 41 per year.

"Those of us who heard Dr. Van Horn's most interesting description of the Thursday night dinners which have become the focusing point of so many activities in his present church, were impressed by two things: first, the modesty with which he told it, and second, the excellence and vitality of the organization thus incidentally disclosed.

"Another quality of prime importance is the reconstructive ability exhibited and developed by his pastorates at Des Moines and Seattle. In each place he carried his church through a building campaign with conspicuous success. The Seattle church is pronounced, by competent judges, one of the most complete and satisfactory plants for its purpose in the entire country. A large share of the credit for this is given by his own men to Dr. Van Horn, although in all our conversation with him he said not a word to suggest that he himself took that view.

"And this brings us to another characteristic; his habit of self-subordination. He has a mind of his own, with sound and independent judgment, but he is in the habit of keeping his own counsel. He waits for the phychological moment and then when he speaks you feel that the right word has been uttered. Another way in which this quality appeared two years or so ago was in the voluntary reduction of his salary. At Worcester he received $5000, at Seattle, $6000, but three years ago the church found itself in a difficult situation. Their property had been sold and a deposit made, but the purchasers became embarrassed and were unable to go on. The church released them, returned the deposit and resold at a loss. To help out in the resulting shortage of funds Dr. Van Horn reduced his own salary to $5000.

"Dr. Van Horn has shown, notably in his Seattle pastorate, a special aptitude for coping with the down-town problem. We have gone over our own situation with him in some detail and find that he is in full accord with the policy of the church as outlined in its declaration of December 3d last. It was most interesting and reassuring to note his independent observation, quick apprehension and well reasoned conclusions in our conferences on this subject. In him we feel confident that we should have a leader of ripe experience, sound judgment and considerate regard for the opinions of others and the traditions of the church in the difficult processes of readjustment upon which we are entering.

"But it is as a preacher that Dr. Van Horn especially excels. We are told by those in a position to know that he is considered by his people the best preacher in Seattle.

His brother ministers, who are apt to be rather severe critics, concede to him a foremost place in their ranks and the fact that he met one of the severest tests of the national council at Kansas City with marked sucess was one of the things that first attracted us to him.

"The really essential qualities that make for greatness in the pulpit were thus summarized by Dr. Lyman Abbott not long ago: First, a good physique; ill health is not always fatal, but it is a great handicap. Second, a rich, well-trained voice; it is the organ through which the soul expresses itself. Third, a mastery of language; the power of expressing thought with force and clearness. Fourth, ability to think clearly, practically and profoundly. Fifth, depth and genuineness of feeling and power to stir the emotions of others, provided always that the speaker masters his own emotions and never trifles with those of his auditors. Sixth, sincerity and spontaneity; a deep, earnest, spiritual personality. In the light of our own observation and upon the testimony of a long list of competent witnesses whom we have consulted, we believe that Dr. Van Horn will stand the test of this high standard.

"Although, in our conferences with Dr. Van Horn, we have spoken frankly and asked him to do the same, we have been careful not to commit the church in advance. We have made it clear that we can only advise—the church must speak for itself. While we earnestly hope, therefore, that the vote will be unanimous our supreme desire is that it shall be sincere. If Dr. Van Horn comes to us it must not be on any misunderstanding of the attitude of the church toward his call. If he is called and accepts he will probably not be able to leave his present charge before May 1st. He will then have until the middle of June to familiarize himself with his new field before vacation—for it will be better, both for him and for us, that he take his vacation at the usual time. This will bring him back on the first of August with his family, who meanwhile will remain in Seattle.

"These, then, are the considerations upon which our recommendation is based. Most deeply do we feel the responsibility of our position. With all the earnestness we possessed, with unremitting effort and constant prayer, we have sought the divinely appointed leader for our great task. Rarely does it fall to the lot of any church to render such a service to its day and generation as this church may render in these early years of the twentieth century to the city of Oakland and the Pacific coast. We are persuaded that we have 'come to the kingdom for such a time as this.' We believe that Dr. Van Horn feels the challenge of our great opportunity and will wisely lead us through the coming years of change to the complete achievement of success in our great enterprise.

"We, therefore, recommend that Rev. F. J. Van Horn, D.D., be called to the pastorate of this church at a salary of $5000 per annum, with $500 for removal expenses. And may the wisdom which is from above so guide us in our deliberation that our decision may truly register His will!"

SCHOOL SECURES ENDOWMENT DESPITE HERESY CHARGES.

We find the following in the Chicago Daily Tribune:

Despite charges of heresy, which have deprived the divinity school of the Disciples denomination of a share in a $6,000,000 educational fund, that institution itself is in possession of an endowment fund of $50,000. The school is located on the campus of the University of Chicago.

The Rev. H. L. Willet, dean of the school, has announced the completion of the endowment fund. This, added to existing funds, brings the total assets of the school to $110,000.

The heresy charge had been made by R. A. Long, a millionaire lumberman of Kansas City. He recently offered to contribute $1,000,000 toward a fund of $6,000,000, to be divided among the educational institutions of the Disciples denomination and various missionary enterprises, and made the Chicago divinity school the one exception to schools having a share in the benefits of the fund.

The lumberman charged heresy was taught not only in the divinity school but in the University of Chicago, where students preparing for the ministry in the Disciples church would imbibe false teachings.

It was learned that Mr. Long had given the first $15,000 to the orginal foundation of the Chicago Disciples divinity school several years ago and within the last few months had withdrawn his favor.

"Mr. Long is extremely conservative," said W. D. MacClintock professor in the University of Chicago, who is president of the board of trustees of the divinity school. "He thinks the place for the education of divinity students is in some country town, where they will not come in contact with the modern viewpoint of Bible study. His objection is not so much against our special school as against the scientific critical study that prevails in all parts of the University of Chicago."

The Rev. E. S. Ames, pastor of the Hyde Park Disciples church, who is secretary of the board of trustees of the Disciples divinity school, attributed the opposition of Mr. Long to the fact that the Hyde Park church had received members into the congregation without them having been baptized by immersion.

"The Disciples church maintains as one of its fundamental propositions that it has no man made creed and is in favor of church union. Mr. Long, by imposing on the school acquiescence in certain articles of belief which he has named, really sets up a creed and goes back on our historic position.

"He also makes his attitude a barrier to union."

The creed which Mr. Long declares essential to the divinity school which shall receive his money contains the following points: A belief in the divinity of Christ, in the inspiration of the scriptures, in the administration of the Lord's supper once a week, and in immersion as the only method of baptism.

The $50,000 was raised chiefly by the Rev. Charles M. Sharp, professor of systematic theology in the divinity school.

"We hold the evangelical faith in regard to the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the scriptures," Prof. Sharpe said. "We do not dogmatize about the conditions of church membership. We believe individual churches have the authority to decide such questions for themselves.

"If we had received our portion of the $6,000,000 provided for in the plan being promoted by Mr. Long, we would only have received about $25,000. Our being counted out of the benefaction has created a sympathy for us and no doubt will result in our receiving still larger gifts. We hope to make our endowment $200,000, and have $300,000

PLAIN TALKS

WITH OUR CONGREGATIONAL PEOPLE

ABOUT THE "EVERY MEMBER CANVASS"

Number Four

Many people have an erroneous idea of this Every Member Canvass business.. They look upon the task of securing subscriptions for the missionary budget of a church as a very disagreeable one. They look for a cold reception and assume in advance that they will meet rebuffs. The canvass is a triumphal procession. From every side comes the news of success and great joy in the task.

HEAR WHAT MANCHESTER HAS TO SAY

In Manchester, the largest city in New Hampshire, fifteen churches made the canvass simultaneously and the chairman of the committee writes as follows:

"The canvassing committees met such cordial reception it made the work an extraordinary pleasure. This report was received by every church. Most of the committees were entertained for tea by friends who received them toward the close of the afternoon. The canvass greatly widened the acquaintance of the committees with the members of the church. In the larger churches we look upon this as one of the particular blessings."

It all depends upon how you conduct the canvass. There is a right way and a wrong way. You should not undertake it in your church without obtaining our carefully prepared literature on the subject.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF WITNESSES

HAMMOND STREET CHURCH, BANGOR, ME. In two years have gained 40 per cent. in number pledging, 33 per cent. in amount pledged.

MUSCATINE, IO. Last year nearly doubled our offeringes instead of 30. Apportionment of $1,500 raised for 1914, though only $243 had been pledged when the canvass was started.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS. More than 25 per cent. increase in contributors to the church expenses and $300 increase in amount pledged. In missions the number making pledges showed gain of 100 per cent.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., BELLEVILLE CHURCH. The amount raised went beyond the missionary budget and the good will and interest made evident by the canvass was another result.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Used double budget for home expenses and benevolences and secured pledges to cover both. We have closed our fiscal year without debt or special offerings and have over-run our apportionment. Our benevolences are twice as large as before and the number of regular givers has increased from 100 to 225. The system has enabled us to do away with pew rents.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS. We have a canvass every year and it is the only way.

REDFIELD, S. D. Canvassed for entire budget. First year, Every-Member Canvass made results, 56 new contributors; 35 increased their contributors. Total in money; $665.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORTHFIELD, MINN. We completed the method three or four years ago and have found it very satisfactory indeed. For results no other method approaches it.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND, CAL. In spite of very heavy building expenses we have more than met our full apportionment every year for the last five years by the Every-Member Canvass.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, LOS ANGELES, CAL. Nearly 100 per cent became subscribers.

HIGHLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, Results getting better every year; 90 per cent. contribute.

WHITEWATER, WIS. Increased number of pledges 100 per cent.; contributors, 50 per cent.

MUSCATINE, IO. Last year nearly doubled our offerings for benevolences.

MARIE, MICH. Result is that all local expenses are assured and our mission apportionment is covered for 1914.

PILGRIM, SEATTLE, WN. Excellent results. Success exactly in proportion to the quality of the Canvass, but Canvass always indispensable with permanent record of interviews, etc.

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH

In hundreds of cities a simultaneous Every-Member Canvass will be conducted during March. We believe God's spirit is behind this movement. It is one of the most hopeful signs of our times.

HAS YOUR CHURCH FALLEN INTO LINE?
HAS YOUR CITY FALLEN INTO LINE?

CORNELIUS H. PATTON
Secretary A. B. C. M.

WILLIAM EWING,
Secretary C. S. S. & P. S.

CHARLES C. MERRILL,
Asst. Sec'y National Council

National Committee for the Every Member Canvass

WRITE TO MR. MERRILL, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., FOR LITERATURE AND PLANS

WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY WEEK

with which to equip our divinity school with buildings. The school has 300 graduates, and they are filling prominent positions throughout the country."

Among the Churches.

Tulare.—Thirteen persons united with the Tulare church on the first of March, ten by confession.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—One member was received by confession of faith on Sunday, March 1.

Hawthorne.—At the present time the pulpit is being supplied by Rev. N. F. Sanderson. Mr. Sanderson is a Methodist minister, a graduate of the University of South-

Martinez.—Mr. Clarence A. Stone, a senior in Pacific Theological Seminary, has been called to the pastorate of the Martinez church and has accepted to begin work the first of May.

Eagle Rock.—At the regular meeting of March 1st the church voted to disregard the advice of the Council recently called to go over the matter, and to proceed with its plan of uniting with the Presbyterian body. At the Ministers' Meeting the following morning Rev. H. L. Hoyt, the pastor, stated that he had not entirely made up his mind, but should probably enter the Presbyterian ministry.
ern California and of the Maclay College of Theology.

Oakland, Fruitvale.—The Fruitvale Congregational church, E. A. Roys, pastor, is growing in strength and in Christian spirit and harmony of purpose. At our last communion service eight persons were received into the church. The evening services have been most interesting and successful, having in addition to a short sermon by the pastor inaugurated a choir of about seventy-five voices and an orchestra of nine pieces, led by Mr. Harold Hilton, proving a success and filling the church.

Los Angeles, Lincoln Memorial.—After considerable uncertainty the Extension Society has purchased a lot on East Thirty-fourth Street, just east of Central Avenue, for this enterprise. The building, which has until recently been used by the Salem German Methodist Church, has also been acquired, and will be moved onto the lot, and fitted up for the work among the colored people. This action is now bringing to completion a project which seems to be greatly needed, but which, so far, on account of the poverty of the people, has been a great load upon the Extension Society and the Conference.

Los Angeles, Church of the Messiah.—In this progressive church a series of addresses upon the fundamentals of religious belief is now being given by the Pastor, Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, at the midweek meetings. The subjects as advertised are as follows: "The Duty of Knowing What One Believes and Why"; "What Can I Know about God?" 'Is there such a Thing as the Supernatural?" "Is Jesus the Unique Son of God?" "Did Jesus Die for Our Sins?" "What is Conversion?" "Are Heaven and Hell Real?" "Has the Bible Unique Authority?" "Is the Church Necessary to Christianity?" 'What Can I Know about the Future Life?" The general title of the series is given as "The Creed of a Twentieth Century Christian."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. W. W. Willard of San Jose will read a paper on Eucken.

Miss Meme Brockway, who for several years has done very efficient service in the work of the Sunday School Association, has been offered the position of Educational Director of the Baptist National Sunday School work. She has accepted to begin work April first.

At the Los Angeles Congregational Ministers' Meeting held Monday morning, March first, the address of the day was by Rev. George H. Wilson of Compton, on "The Liquor Question." Mr. Wilson was at one time in the Anti-Saloon work in Illinois, and his analysis of the situation, replete with wit and humor, was appreciated by all. A vigorous discussion followed, over the work and merits of the Anti-Saloon League, and other temperance organizations. Visitors introduced were Rev. H. A. Dowling, D.D., Superintendent of the Southern California Sunday School Association, and President Thomas McClelland of Knox College

FIRST CONGERGATIONAL CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

In his recent annual report the Rev. Dr. Turk stated that the work of the Church had been very satisfactory:

The financial showing for the year has been most gratifying. With the assistance of a special effort by the Brotherhood in April the Church closed the year with a balance of $12 in the treasury. It is also interesting to record that our gifts exceeded our opportunity, the sum total being $3700. Many other gifts to benevolences have been made of which we have no record. On the whole our church is worthy of great praise for widespread and deep interest in all matters concerning human welfare and uplift.

The social activities of the Church have, as usual, been most helpful. Under the auspices of the Woman's Church Work Society 59 dinners and luncheons have been given. The Neighborhood Circles and Thimble Club have also been helpful in this line. Very few churches of the size of ours maintain the fine family spirit to be found here. Not only on the coast, but all over the country our First Church is known for its cordial and Christian spirit, as we all know this is largely due to the gracious efforts of our late pastor emeritus.

Our midweek service has been increasingly religious and spiritual in content and ministry. The Sunday School has not made any radical and important changes. But on the whole the quality of work has unquestionably improved; and there is a certain solidity and steadiness about our Sunday School work which is most encouraging. The faithfulness of officers and teachers is worthy of all commendation. The Brotherhood has at the present time a larger membership than ever before. It has done excllent work in many lines of Christian service. The Y. P. S. C. E. has done no spectacular things, but has a record of fine effective work which is worthy of great praise. We have an organist and choir director of whom we are justly proud. We have singers who are devoted to their ministries. We have an orchestra and leader rendering great servic in our Sunday School and Church. I need not say that our only hope of success in any department of religious service is conditioned by our faithful abiding in Christ. Without Him, we can do nothing. With Him we can do everything which He expects us to do.

M. S. T.

For The Children.

WHY SIX LITTLE SPIDERS COULD NOT SLEEP.

Six little spiders lived in a nice dark corner of the pantry and their mother had woven an inviting web there to catch food for them. Whenever a nice, juicy fly, gnat, moth or other insect got caught there, the six litle spiders would run on their eight little legs as fast as they could to tell their mother; and their good mother always gave them a piece?.

One day Mrs. Spider had to go to a neighbor's house for a few minutes, and before she left she cautioned the six little spiders to stay away from the pantry while she was gone, as she wanted to catch a nice dinner for the morrow. The six little spiders looked their mother in the eyes with their bright ones and promised that they would.

While she was gone, a little mosquito which was out hunting for its mother got caught in the web, and the six little spiders, who had never seen a mosquito before, ran at once to examine it.

Little Spider Number One, who pretended to be very wise, said, "I believe it is an insect; it is not an animal like we are, I am sure."

Little Spider Number Two, who was the curious member of the family, walked all around the mosquito and finally pulled at the two antennae, those little hornlike things which stick out in front of a mosquito's head, and he said, "I wonder what these things are for?"

Little Spider Number Three, who had very sharp eyes and used them, said, "Whatever it is, it has six legs and rests on four of them, and I believe that long thing in front between the horns is to stick into things."

Little Spider Number Five, who, I am sorry to tell you, was very, very greedy licked out his little tongue and said, "It looks good to eat, to me."

And Little Spider Number Six, who was always ready to experiment went up and took a tiny little bite and was so delighted with the taste that before long the six little spiders had eaten the whole mosquito.

And then they saw their mother coming. But they did not run on their eight little legs to meet her, as they usually did. And when she asked them if they had been good, they said they had, but they did not look her straight in the eyes.

The six little spiders did not want much supper, and they went to bed very quietly. But not a single little spider could sleep. At last, Little Spider Number One turned over and shook Little Spider Number Two and said, "I do not believe we ought to have eaten the insect.'

"Why?" asked Little Number Two.

"Because it keeps us awake," answered bright-eyed Spider Number Three, who couldn't sleep, either.

"My conscience hurts, and I'm scared," said Little Spider Number Four.

"My conscience hurts, and my stomach hurts, too," said greedy Little Spider Number Five.

"Let's go tell mother," said Little Spider Number Six, who had been thinking.

So they got up and ran in to their mother, who was fast asleep in another room.

They waked her and told her all about the insect which they had found and had eaten. Then they asked her to forgive them for their disobedience and promised never, never to disobey her again And the dear old spider mother forgave them every one, and they went scampering back to bed and slept like six little tops until morning.—Neel Cherry.

A RICH LITTLE GIRL.

"Mother,' asked Lutie, "may I have two little apples instead of a big one in my luncheon to-day?"

"I'm sorry, my dear, but there is only one big apple left. I used the rest for pies yesterday and kept this out for you."

Lutie went into the pantry and inspected the apple thoughfully. Her face cleared. "This one will be all right, mother. It is such a big one! Are apples very dear, mother?"

"Why, rather at this season; but there will always be as many as my little girl wants to eat."

"Oh, yes, I know that; but there is a girl in our class who never has an apple in her luncheon. There are four girls at their house and three boys, so it takes a lot of bread. Boys eat so much bread. She says her mother has to bake every other day. So if apples are dear, I suppose that is why she never has one. This is so big I can give her half. You see, if it was a small one she wouldn't want to take half of it, for fear I might not have enough."

"I shall order more to-day, so there will be plenty in the morning," said mother.

Lutie laughed. "I want to tell you such a funny thing, mother. You know I have four gingham school dresses, but where there are four girls that makes only one apiece; so Mary's mother washes theirs out Saturday morning and irons them Saturday afternoon. They have some old dresses they wear at home. She must be a very smart woman," said Lutie.

Mother laughed, too. "Very clever, indeed. Did Mary tell you that?"

"Yes. She said she knew we would notice that she always wore the same dress, and she was afraid we would think it never was washed.

"You might put in another piece of pie or cake for her, too," said mother, but Lutie shook her head.

"I think I better not do that," she said. "She mightn't like it. At school we don't give each other pie or cake or bread, as if we were poor folks, but candy and apples—we all give each other those," she explained.

"So Mary isn't poor folks?" asked mother.

"Why, Mother Ralston!" exclaimed Lutie, with a shocked look. "Mary Dalton poor folks? I should say not. She is the head girl in our room. She sits in the back seat in the first row and takes care of the copybooks and notebooks. She is head of her class, and last month she had the highest grade in the school—the whole school, mother. She never whispers nor plays in school, and we hardly ever do, either, because we are afraid Mary might see us. I'd almost rather the teacher would see me whisper than Mary. You see, mother, we have a new teacher every year, but we have always had Mary. She is so good and sweet that everybody loves her."

"I see," said mother. "I think she is a very rich little girl"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Lutie.—Ex.

LITTLE BRAVO

Years ago some Indians lived on the banks of a beautiful river. The men fished and the women planted corn in lit-

tle hillocks instead of in rows. When they sat down for a friendly gossip they held their little babies in their arms or strapped upon their backs. One young mother never took her eyes from the cradle in which her handsome boy slept. When he wakened, she sang to him and called him "Little Bravo" with such love and tenderness in her voice that the other women all stopped to listen.

Years passed merrily until Little Bravo was ten years old. He could hunt and fish, and his mother was happy dreaming of the time when he should be a man. All her spare moments were spent in embroidering clothes for Little Bravo and his father, with the result that they outshone all others of their tribe. Little Bravo always wore moccasins of yellow buckskin trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. He was a noble, warm-hearted and sunny-tempered lad.

One summer night, the heat hung heavy over the land.

"There will be a storm," said the father. "Where is Little Bravo?"

"Down on the river bank asleep," replied the mother. "I sat by him a long time brushing away the insects that bothered him. He had taken off his moccasins and his feet were bare. He is very beautiful, our Little Bravo. When the storm comes I will carry him in without awakening him."

The storm soon broke with great violence. The mother hastened to the river. As she was about to lift her boy a vivid flash of lightining revealed the two hands of the Spirit that lived in the water. They reached up and drew Little Bravo into the waves. All the mother saw was the print of his body on the shore and his two yellow moccasins. A scream brought the father to the spot. They both dived into the water, though the storm raged. What cared they for that? Their Little Bravo had disappeared beneath the surface. Finally, in broken-hearted accents, they pleaded: "Oh, Spirit of the River! Give him back to us!"

By and by the father arose, and looking into the sky said: "It is the will of the Great Spirit. He has taken him away but will save him for us." Turning, he disappeared into the forest. The mother sat by the river for many days, without food or sleep, kissing and caressing the little yellow moccasin.

One night, raising her eyes to the sky, she beheld the pathway made of star-dust that leads to spirit-land. Longing to follow it, she felt the pressure of a small hand upon her shoulder. Turning, she met the smiling gaze of her son.

'Oh, Great Spirit, I thank thee! The dead is alive!"

"Come, mother," said the boy. "We are to follow yonder path to-night. I have come for thee, because thy weeping grieves the happy ones."

The mother placed her hand in the small clasp and she said:

"Here are thy moccasins. Thou wilt need them. The way is rough."

The boy laughed, and held up his foot, upon which flashed and gleamed moccasins of shining gold. "Lay down my old moccasins," he said, "and thou shalt see how a mother's love shall be remembered."

She placed the little yellow moccasins on the ground, and about them green leaves unfolded. The leaves grew rapidly into a flower-stalk, and on the highest spray the moccasins were fastened. They shrank in size and changed into flowers, keeping their first shape and color.

Then Little Bravo spoke:

"See, Mother," he said, "these flowers shall bloom on forever by this shining river. Long after the red man shall have gone, they shall bloom."

Wondering but happy, the mother followed Little Bravo along the star-strewn path to spirit-land. Not many moons later the father joined them out of the mists of battle.

All this was long ago. The Indians have left the banks of the river, but the yellow flowers bloom by its waters. White children gather them and call them "orchids," or "lady's slippers," but the Indians always give them their real name of "Indian moccasins."

"She's very timid, isn't she? She tels me that she never feels safe unless her door is locked." "Yes, and some-

---

He who laughs has no need of a doctor.
He who whistles, must furnish his own pucker.

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When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live and be happy.—

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